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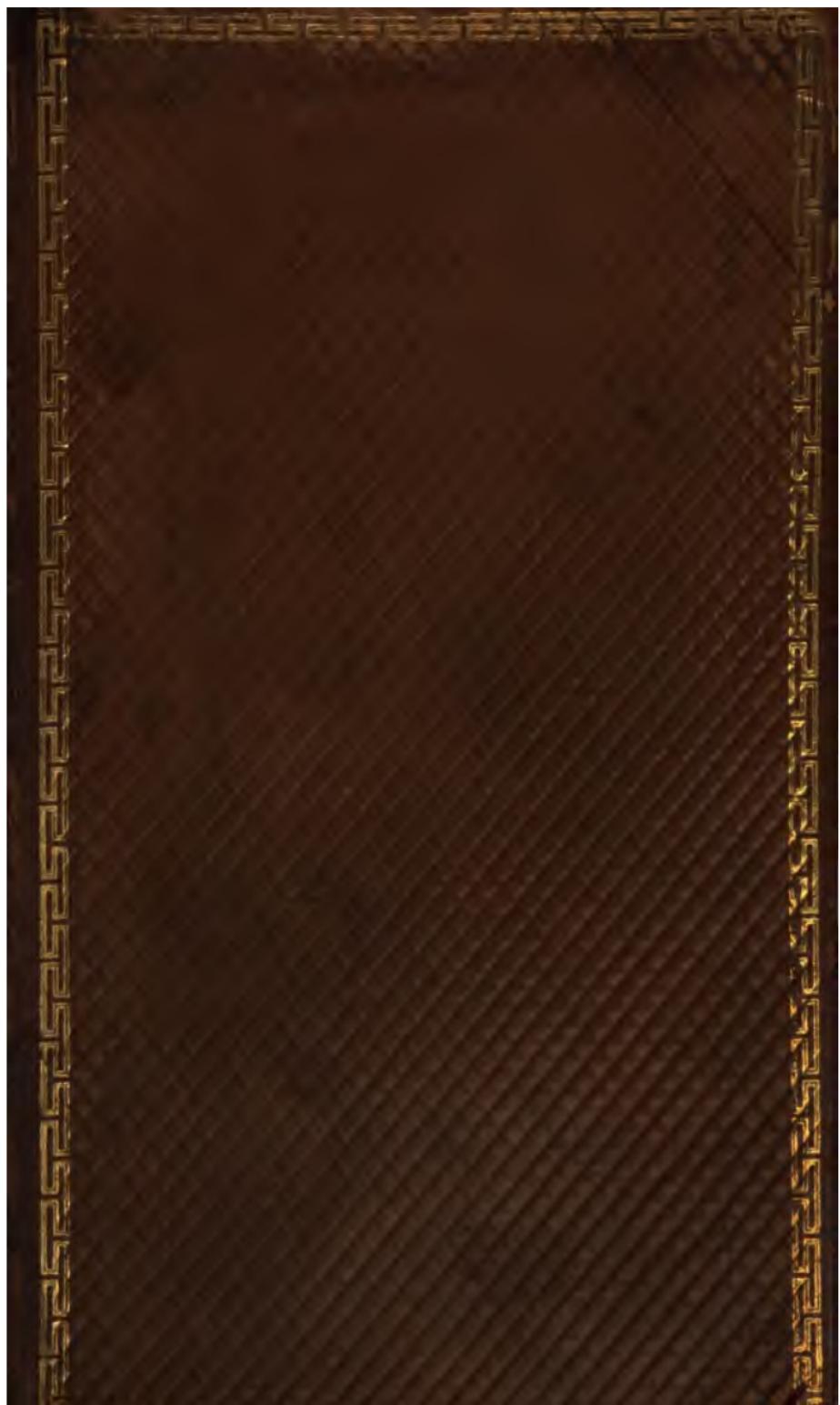
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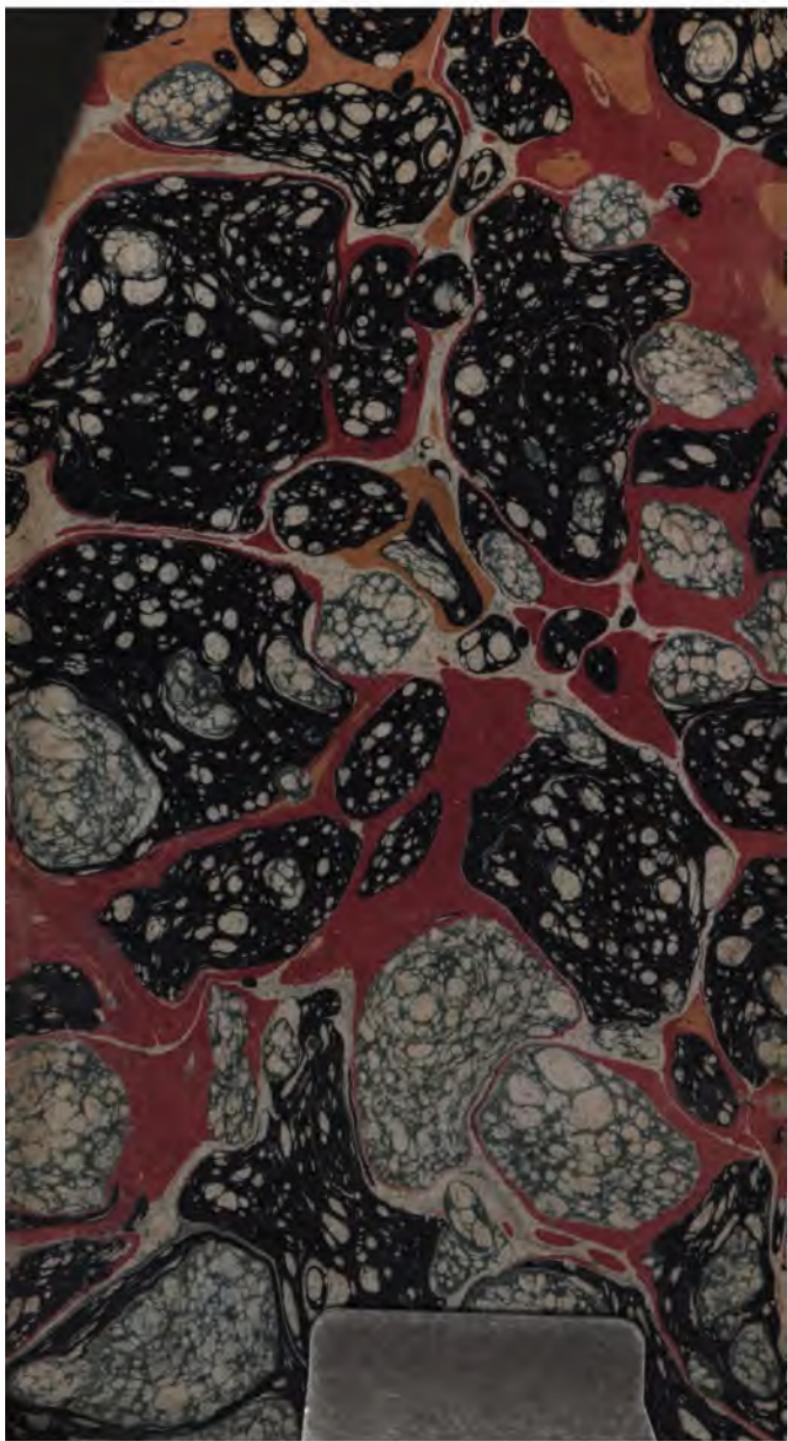
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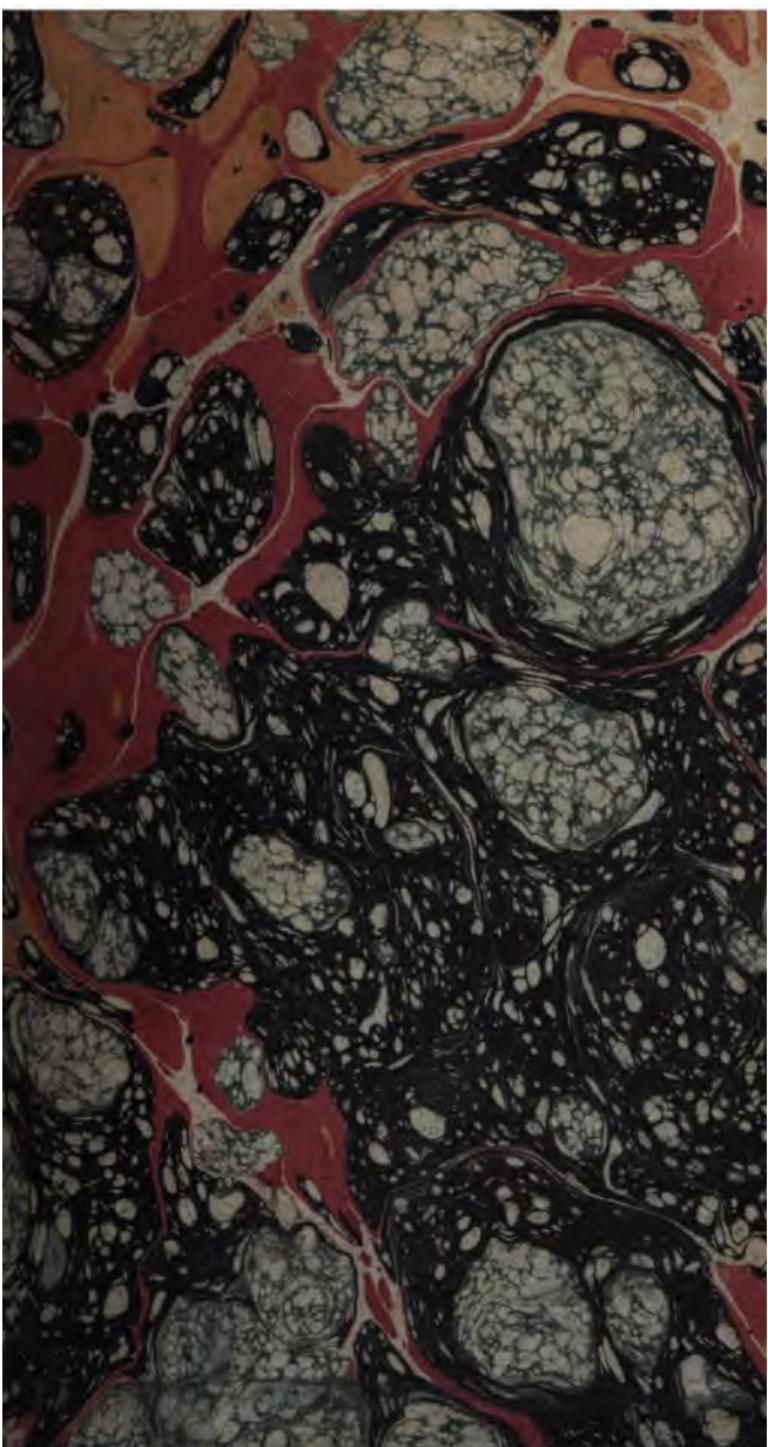
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256 e. 16088

Yellow River

256 e. 16085

McKinnon







# THE BAROUCHE DRIVER

AND

## HIS WIFE :

A TALE FOR HAUT TON.

*Containing a Curious Biography of Living Characters, with Notes Explanatory.*

IN TWO VOLUMES.

—  
VOL. II.  
—

By CHARLES SEDLEY, Esq.

*Author of "The Infidel Mother," "The Mask of Fashion,"*  
etc. etc. etc.

THE SECOND EDITION.

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Neither the constitution, nor the passions, are the  
first seducers of youth—

But opinions and manners.

J. J. ROUSSEAU.

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CAVENDISH SQUARE.

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1807.

Now, the emulative \* genius of the age is to drive helter skelter through the streets, to the imminent danger of children, and the great annoyance of

\* Charioteering was one among the Olympic games, held every fifth year at Olympia, in honour of Jupiter Olympius, and has been celebrated by the Greek poets in all the sublimity of verse.

An English *poet*—less sublimely, I confess—thus sings the honours of a modern whip:

What can little T. O. do?

Why, drive a phaeton and two.

Can little T. O. do no more?

Yes—drive a phaeton and four.

McKinney





weeks, by his losing horse against any gelding in the kingdom.

The hero of the turf accepted this bet, and on the day appointed, just a minute before starting, *qualified* his stallion to run for the purse.

The noble animal was victorious, and dropped down dead at the moment of his master's *triumph*!

Query—Could this gentleman vote against the slave-trade?

Of the dog, philosophically considered, many are the superior inherent qualifications, at which human nature might blush: and nothing less than scepticism will deny to this sagacious animal—that men, women, and children often contemptuously spurn—an almost unlimited power of comprehension.

I am led, in the contemplation of this subject, to advert to the character, generally, of the canine race, as elegantly given by a gentleman who calls himself "*an Old Sportsman.*"

“ The dog, independent of the beauty of his formation, his almost inviable vivacity, his strength, and “ swiftness, has all the interior qualities “ to attract the attention and esteem of “ man.

“ When once domesticated, he almost “ instantly—and, as it were, instinctively—exerts his talents in the execution of his office. With the utmost “ humility in his manner, and penetrative property in his eye, he approaches his master at every interval “ of possibility; and, submissively ob-

“ truding himself upon his attention,  
“ endeavors to demonstrate the powers  
“ he possesses, and only waits his mas-  
“ ter’s orders to call them into action.

“ The moment he has obtained the  
“ attention thus solicited, he watches  
“ every look and action, that he may  
“ the better conceive the intents and  
“ suggestions, or anticipate the wishes,  
“ of his master.

“ He consults, interrogates, and en-  
“ treats. A glance of the eye is suffi-  
“ cient for his quick conception: he in-

“ stantly comprehends its meaning, and  
“ either advances or retreats, according  
“ to the occasion.

“ Without the degrading vices of  
“ man, he possesses all the ardour of  
“ sentiment : and being perfectly pure  
“ in his attachments, those, once form-  
“ ed, he supports with unsullied fidel-  
“ ty, and the most inviolable affection.

“ Incessantly alive to every discover-  
“ able sensation of his master, he dis-  
“ plays no predominant proof of am-  
“ bition, or interest, beyond the an-

“ xious desire of obeying, and the fear  
“ of displeasing, him.

“ In every action, he is all zeal—all  
“ warmth—all obedience—all grati-  
“ tude!—More sensible to the inspiring  
“ effects of favours spontaneously con-  
“ ferred, than of injuries ill deserved;  
“ he very soon *forgets* the one, but ne-  
“ ver fails to *remember* the other.

“ If reproof or correction is injudi-  
“ ciously offered, or unjustly admini-  
“ tered, he seldom, if ever, gives  
“ proof of pusillanimity, in running

“ away to avoid the punishment ; but,  
“ most philosophically, and heroically,  
“ opposes patience to persecution, and  
“ submissively licks the hand which in-  
“ flicts the blow ;—opposing them only  
“ by his sensations of sorrow :—ulti-  
“ mately, disarming his tormentor of  
“ resentment, by the most affecting and  
“ impressive supplications blended with  
“ unconditional submission,

“ To these inherent principles of pe-  
“ netration he adds a profound and al-  
“ most incredible sagacity ; and his  
“ powers of hearing, seeing, and smell-

“ ing, act in perfect unison with each  
“ other.

“ He discriminates, at first sight, be-  
“ tween the higher classes, and the  
“ lower orders, of society: the former  
“ he will receive at the door, and con-  
“ duct to the family parlour with the  
“ politeness of a courtier: the latter he  
“ keeps aloof, with the sternness of a  
“ sheriff's officer.

“ Upon the approach of night, he is  
“ so well aware of its impressive still-  
“ ness, so favourable to depredation,

“ that he is instinctively determined,  
“ and always prepared, for action ; but  
“ to conceive, in its full extent, the im-  
“ portance of this species of human na-  
“ ture, let us suppose that it never ex-  
“ isted.

“ Without the assistance of the dog,  
“ how could man have conquered,  
“ tamed, or reduced the other animals  
“ to a state of slavery ? How could he  
“ still discover, hunt down, and destroy  
“ noxious and savage beasts ?

“ Hence the training of the dog

“ seems to have been the first art invented by man ; and the result of this art was the conquest, and peaceful possession, of the earth.”

And yet this noble animal is used for *sports* at which a Hottentot would shudder.

*Sport*, to whom ?

To the fashionable and high-born heroes of a bull-bait—the dignified patrons of mercenary pugilists—the exemplary champions of a cock-fight !

I cannot dismiss this subject—altho' bull-baiting has been publicly denominated in the H—— of C—— “a characteristic sport, necessary to keep alive the spirit of the nation”—without detailing an instance of its savage properties, to be found in the Sportsman's Cabinet.

“ It is universally known among the lovers of bull-dogs, and bull-baiting, that when once exasperated by an opponent, or encouraged by the owner, no pain or punishment will allay,

“ or induce the dog to swerve from,  
“ his purpose.

“ In confirmation of this fact, a juvenile amateur of the sublime and beautiful—some years ago—inhumanly confident in the pure blood, and instinctive courage, of his dog, proposed a trifling wager, that he would, at four distinct intervals, deprive the animal of one of his feet by amputation; and, that after every individual deprivation, his dog should attack the bull with his previous fer-

“ city ; and that, lastly, he should con-  
“ tinue to do so *upon his stumps.*”

The hellish experiment justified his position ; the *polished* youth pocketed his wager—and retired, humming an Opera air.

Still fashion delights in these *sentimental* exercises of the genius ; and who shall presume to have feelings in opposition to its fiat ?

Even young ladies of rank, beauty,

and accomplishment will listen with complacency to the detail, and wish they had been spectators of these national sports.

For *they* have, likewise, their humane amusements.

*They* will introduce you to their museums, and exultingly describe how, by constant practice, they have acquired the skill so to impale their insects and their butterflies, that the agonies of retiring life, though slow, do not derange the beauty or symmetry of their appearance, when dead.

But these elegancies are among the exclusive properties of high life; for ties of blood, and all the social connections of life, intended by nature to arouse the sensibilities of the heart, and to purify it from selfishness, are emotions unacknowledged by the world of fashion.

Moving in a certain fixed orbit, the man of ton neither sees, nor thinks, of the calamities of his fellow-creatures: and if, by chance, they should approach him, he turns from the sight with polite disgust.

Hence, feeling little for his own class, he feels nothing for the brute creation : and if his heart do not guide him to honour—do his principles ?

No—believe me ; principles of modish honour are as limited as they are loose.

To all these fashionable accomplishments, and to ten thousand others, our Barouche-driver and his Wife devoted themselves with tenfold energy.

For a whole fortnight—it is true—

they only breathed within each other's arms ; but, at the expiration of that period, as

“Violent delights have violent ends,

“And in their triumph die”——

Edward began to recollect the pleasures of the world, from which he was self-secluded; and Maria, as she yawned over her coffee, would sigh for the town, and all its dear delights.

Ambition, hitherto the embryo of her bosom, matured, as it were, at

once—she gasped for the boundless joys of dissipation—to reign high priestess of her own midnight orgies, the envy of a fluttering croud.

With tempting youth, and exquisitely delicate symmetry of form—with a smile that beamed, apparently, with every softened emotion—vanity was her ruling passion, and **self** her darling idol.

Scarcely had she mingled with the world, in the character of a wife, ere her spirit unfolded itself in the way—

ward, termagant, and haughty caprices of a weak mind, scattered with neglected principles.

Edward, no less the slave of fashionable prejudice—no less the tool of vanity—rather encouraged than repressed the splendid arrangements of his lady's prolific fancy, in decorating their house in Grosvenor-Square.

Their hasty marriage was—though ungraciously—forgiven by Mr. Grunter, who presented the bride with five thousand guineas for pocket-money.

Mrs. Grunter and Miss Grunter had also yielded a compelled forgiveness; but I believe every female heart will feel, that it is not easy to forgive the pangs of jealousy.

Having given the reader “the outward and visible signs” of these wealthy Asiatics, we will just take a peep at their “inward and spiritual “grace.”

Mr. Grunter—formerly Mr. Soames—was the son of an honest coal-heaver; and having, early in life, discovered

great natural talent, which the instructions of a charity-school tended to develop, his father was advised to send him to India.

With "a modest cadence of body, " and a conciliating co-operation of the "whole man," our young adventurer soon contrived to get his foot on the first step of ambition's ladder; and having, by his bowing and his smiling, made successive fortunate advances, the little coal-heaver was eventually changed into a little nabob.

At this period, G— Holborn— whose intuitive genius had raised him from a shoe-blacker to his high command—struck with Mr. Soames's persevering talents, sent him to England to marry his daughter.

Like the *sublime* author of “The “Sleeping Beauty in the Wood,” we will take a hop, step, and jump over intervening years, and present the little coal-heaver and his family to the town, such as they were in their early splendid career of Asiatic greatness.

Miss Grunter had, just, attained her fifteenth year, and was the lovely rival of mamma, blooming in her thirty-first year. A second daughter, and a son, formed the remainder of the family.

A gay, elegant, dashing young fellow, with more spirit, vivacity, and pleasantry—than cash, became alike the favourite of mamma and her daughter —his name Fogerty.

Miss was determined—married—and discarded: but, as her head was *then*

full of love, and her heart replete with transport, she only mocked the impotent menaces of her enraged parents.

Poverty, however, coming in at the door, Love flew out at the window—and although every effort was made by the still enamoured husband to give a luxurious variety to the enjoyments of his wife, her vitiated soul panted for forbidden fruit—tasted—and was self-expelled from Paradise.

A little dapper captain of dragoons—related to the St. Giles's beauty—with

all the irresistible *curiosity* of eighteen, was the first happy *Devil* to present the tempting apple to our modern *Eve*. But with the inconstancy natural to his age, he soon sought another banquet.

How the interregnum was filled up, my memoranda do not declare: but Mrs. Fogerty's last gallantry breathes a spirit of enterprise and energetic genius, unachieved in former annals, even by the most experienced veterans in the school of dissipated love.

Devoted to her squinting lover—by

philtre, magic, or other wonder-working power---she first determined to renounce, and then to ruin her husband, that she might bask upon the mossy banks of love unheeded and undisturbed.

Fired by the gloriously-projected mischief, and fertile in depravity, she sought her hitherto relentless father; and, with the honeyed accents of persuasion, won him to her purpose---

"For she could smile, and smile, and be a  
"villain" . . . .

In consequence of this tête-à-tête—while the unhappy dupe, her husband, was ornamenting their little cottage to *her* taste—while the squinting hero eat of his meat—drank of his drink—and was, unto him, as a brother—mark what was done!

Mr. Grunter—a name Mr. Soames assumed with a fortune of nearly three hundred thousand pounds, left him by a brother nabob—arrested Mr. Fogerty for monies he had advanced during his three years' marriage:—Mrs. Fogerty applied to the Court for protection

against as——n ; and his bosom-friend, squinting Jemmy Rourke, appeared as chief evidence against him !

Virtuous poverty, however, rising superior to all the malignant artifices of a wealthy demon, Mr. Fogerty is not only uncrushed, but stands, firmly, on the pedestal of honour ; and *will* awe the reptiles into shame, senseless as they are, till they are compelled to shrink from public detestation, like snails within their shells.

Having failed in establishing the *brutality* of Mr. Fogerty towards his *angel* wife—for such does she *outwardly* appear—the prolific nabob has *wisely* resolved to *unmarry* his *chaste* daughter—who is, now, known only as Miss Grunter—and, pending the declared nullity of the marriage, squinting Jemmy is *kept*, by the family, for the *amusement* of the young lady; to qualify her to meet some ruined lord, hereafter, without the *awkward* blushes of a bride:—for so it is, men are to be tempted by the splendors of a brilliant fortune—at which desired event, it is settled that

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the squinting hero shall retire on a pension, in consideration of past services.

With her husband, this beautiful delinquent deserted her child, who shares a father's prison, and contributes, by his infant sufferings, to make that father greater in adversity.

Such is the rank garden from whence the beauteous weed is sprung, which Edward has mistaken for an unenvied flower.

Profligacy is like a snow-ball—scarce

ly perceptible at first, but magnifying in its progress; and the ill-fated Maria entered the great world under all its baneful influence.

Educated by an unprincipled mother; the associate of a depraved sister: she was trained, to the allurements of fashion instead of virtue—to speak by rule—to say exactly, and to do exactly, what was strictly tonish—to copy all the silly actions, and echo all the silly witticisms of any fashionable fool—and, above all, never to offend against decorum by neglecting appearances.

And, as if destiny had not sufficiently sapped the foundation of every moral virtue by this pernicious system of tuition—too prevalent with fashionable mammas—a hasty marriage with a giddy boy, whose very soul was wedded to every new and coming pleasure, assisted her, too soon, to reach the climax of dissipation.

Edward became the intimate of every fashionable blackleg, and took lessons on the science of gambling.

But what are arithmetical calcula-

tions, opposed to the *art* of cutting, shuffling, and cogging?

My Lord Massy wins thousands upon thousands every year.

"But Brutus is an honourable man."

A cool head does wonders; it permits a gentleman to desert his own wife, and to take upon himself the incumbrance of a friend's...

And nothing could be more cool than the arrangement.

“ No peeping behind the curtain  
“ without paying, my lord,”—was the  
*proviso* of the lady.

“ Agreed—I love your candor, by  
“ my soul”—replied his Lordship.

“ Well, then, make me a settlement  
“ of twelve hundred per annum, and  
“ here’s my hand.”

He kissed it rapturously;—the writings were drawn, and the happy pair eloped.

An elegant, but small establishment, gives to this *amiable* couple all the refined indulgences of sentimental life ; a luxurious conservatory has been erected for the purposes of contemplation, where my Lord *practises* the ways and means ; and my Lady, on a sultry evening, *realizes* them.

Our hero had, also, been initiated into other mysteries. A certain Countess, who, as an *artist*, claims the pre-eminence of honorary R. A., soon marked his manly beauties for her own.

A Countess!—Who could resist?—  
Not the vain, fluttering coxcomb, who  
pursues notoriety with as much avidity  
as Sir Joseph Banks once pursued the  
Emperor of Morocco.

Edward left the invigorating charms  
of, hitherto, unadulterated beauty, to  
nauseate in the arms of an enamelled  
doll.

Meanwhile our heroine, too stylish  
to be jealous of her husband, had like-  
wise found a favorite.

They walked together—danced together—read together—travelled together.

On the Brighton Steyne, Charles Dixon first beheld the lovely Ormsby. He was of fashion, and easily procured an introduction. The result was natural. *Messieur le Mari* was the most attentive creature possible to every female *except* his wife—Charles Dixon attentive to *her* alone.

Having made a tour of the fashionable watering-places, and visited every

sporting race course—the Barouche-driver and his Wife returned to London, to prepare for the splendors of the ensuing campaign.

Nothing remarkable had occurred on the turf, except the novelty at the Y—Meeting, of a dashing demirep—moved to the folly by a mountebank keeper—riding against a gentleman for a thousand guineas; who, with a heart of FLINT, first beat his *spirited* antagonist, and then beat her *spiritless* friend, who bore the horsewhipping with great philosophy;—but what will not habit do?

Masquerading being, this winter, the order of the day, Mrs. Ormsby determined, immediately after the birth-day, to issue one thousand tickets for a masked ball—to engage the police-officers—and to appoint T——d \* *arbiter*

\* This facetious gentleman having, one day, met the D—— of C—— in Pall-Mall, H. R. H. *most condescendingly* stopped to ask him the news :

“ Well, T——d, and what does the world,  
“ now, say of me ?”

“ Nay, I don’t know, Y. R. H. ; it is but a  
“ queerish world.”

*modorum* in the great hall, for the purpose of rejecting all forged tickets.

This species of entertainment has been, for some time, almost expelled by haut-ton ; the Asiatic splendors of Mrs. Broadbottom, and others of her compatriots, having destroyed competition.

Indeed, the profusion of the eastern

---

“ Well, T——d, *I don't care*, that's one  
“ comfort, what they say.”

“ No, Y. R. H., you'd be a *d——d fool* if  
“ you did.”

world is so little calculated for the meridian of untravelled intellects, that we can fancy ourselves possessed of Aladdin's lamp, while treading on the fairy scenery.

At a rural breakfast given in the year 1792, the following was among the elegantly unique fantasies of exotic taste.

“ Dressed in all the gala magnificence  
 “ of eastern grandeur, Mrs. B———  
 “ represented the Queen of Nouradjad,  
 “ or the light of the world, in the garden  
 “ of roses.

“ The lady had long resided at the  
 “ Court of Lucknow, and was, charac-  
 “ teristically, a queen.

“ Reclined on a velvet cushion, in an  
 “ Indian saloon, the lady embraced a  
 “ hooker \* which breathed the choicest  
 “ odours round the room; the dra-

\* *Smoking* is not a new accomplishment  
 with English ladies. The lovely G—G—  
 taught, by her political mother, that the surest  
 way to make others think with ourselves, was to  
 affect their opinions, *smoked* herself, at Paris,  
 into the good GRACES of her ennobled husband.

“ pery and furniture of which was su-

“ perbly classical.

“ Otto of roses was sprinkled on the

“ company, and the whole house emit-

“ ted the most delicious perfumes.

“ Each person was presented to her

“ Indian majesty, and every lady re-

“ ceived, from an attendant Grace, a

“ lottery ticket, all of which were

“ prizes.

“ Her G— of R—— drew the se-

“ cond highest prize; but the *gros lot*

“ did not leave the wheel till the end  
 “ of the drawing, when it was present-  
 “ ed by the hostess, on her knees, to  
 “ the beauteous Nouradjah.”

The evening arrived, when Maria Ormsby—richly gifted with personal charm and mental accomplishment, and panting with delight—took post to receive her motley guests.

Our heroine was a blazing meteor—an ignis fatuus in the world of fashion, whose brilliant sparks electrified the crowd.

Polite, affable, interesting, and sprightly, she filled the arduous duties of the evening with unexampled grace and bewitching vivacity.

A masquerade is a fashionable jamboree of fashionable people, gathered together in a *massive* crowd, to see and to be seen: and if its best attribute be glare, profusion, and ornament, *certes* the lovely Mrs. Ormsby was second to no one in those material points.

The entrance, and grand staircase, —lined with rare and aromatic shrubs—

led to a suite of drawing-rooms furnished with scarlet silk in black drapery; the walls panelled in alternate mirrors and highly-executed paintings, with burnished borderings. The ceilings represented a clear azure sky.

The floorings were tastefully laid out in chalks, and each room was furnished with ottomans. Vases burnt in every corner with exquisite perfumes, and brilliant lustres gave meridian splendor to the scene.

In the garden, a temporary pavilion

was erected, for the supper; at the extremity of which, an airy orchestra contained the Pandean band; and an immense bronzed eagle issued, as it were, from the center of the cieling, with extended wings, grasping a thunderbolt which flashed with illuminated gas, in almost terrific splendor.

Grottos interspersed among the trees, all of which were illuminated in tasteful devices, gave recess to minstrels with wind instruments, that, at intervals, broke suddenly upon the ear, and charmed the senses.

Dominoes were inadmissible ; so that the sombre was altogether exploded.

Varied, fanciful, and rich were the dresses displayed on this grand occasion ; but novelty went little farther.

Of the characters, a groupe of twelve, exactly resembling the four kings, queens, and knaves of a pack of cards, excited much attention ; they amused the company with an interlude, describing the jealousy of the kings—the levity of the queens—the friponnerie of

the knaves; which latter, after a change of ingenious and humorous devices, succeed in eloping with the queens.

A quack doctor, dressed in ancient costume—his wig wholly composed of eggs, beginning with a wheatear's, and ending with the goose's.

His servant was loaded with a basket of bon-bons and small phials of exquisite liqueur, which were plentifully distributed among the ladies.

A father confessor \*, with a portly paunch, that did not disgrace the refectory of his convent, advanced into the crowd, with a solemn step, counting a large rosary dependent from his girdle.

“Holy father”—said a young pilgrim, humbly advancing—“I am a sinner, and much do I need your holy consolation.”  
 \* This grave personage was represented by Mr. Jemmy Rourke, the squinting lover.

“ always mercy, in Heaven, for the  
“ penitent.”

“ Father—can you administer to a

“ mind diseased?”

“ Yea, my son, and willingly I give

“ thine ear unto thy confession.”

“ Father—I had a wife, whom I  
“ loved with an idolatry offensive to  
“ the Most High—I suffer a living pur-  
“ gatory for the crime—for she has de-  
“ serted me—blasted all my fondest

“ hopes of happiness—left me to despair.”

“ Well—well—my son”—rather agitated—“ be comforted: the Lord giveth, and the Lord taketh away. She was unworthy thy exalted passion. Think of her no more—so shall thy mind be cleansed from all pollution.”

“ Father”.... raising his voice—“ I had a friend!”

“ Well!...” starting.

“ Father, I loved him as myself ; he  
 “ was the sharer of my bosom’s secrets ;  
 “ I confided my wife to his protection,  
 “ father ; but . . . . .

“ Proceed, my son”—speaking in  
 tones scarcely articulate.

“ He was a villain, father !”

The father’s agitation became excessive, and he burst through the crowd that had been collected by this curious dialogue, to seek support against an opposite pillar.

Meanwhile young Lucifer was discovered through his sheep's clothing, and the hoax of the evening was

“ Father, canst thou administer to a mind diseased?”

The attention was soon afterwards removed to a mask of more than common singularity.

A colossal German of distinction, who had great curiosity to see a masquerade, but feared to venture in the crowd, as he could not utter a syllable

of English, was prevailed upon, by a quizzing friend, to appear in the character of a baby in a cradle. At half an hour

Conceive this Westphalian monster laid out in a cradle upon wheels, dressed in a beautiful lace cap, with a double border, in small plaits, and a rose of white ribbon pinned at the side, beneath the

His obliging friend rolled him round the room, to the great entertainment of the company, and then, with a bonsoir, left him to his contemplations.

To prevent accidents, the poor German was so strapped down in his wicker prison, that he had no power to release himself. The company, one after the other, came to look at him—peeping under the head of the cradle, “like magpies into a marrow-bone;” but the baby growing impatient of restraint, and irritated by ridicule, in vain roared out his impotent curses. The ladies still ran eagerly to peep at him, and as eagerly ran away again.

Lastly, let me describe an admirable mask in the character of “THE NEWS,”

who blew a small horn; and having every now and then collected crowds around him, distributed advertisements extraordinary to the company.

The following, for masquerade point, and originality, we transcribe.

“ Whereas, I have not yet been able to find a man whom I can love, and as the heart must have an object, I have contracted a general desire to please, either by politeness—as a follower of fashion—or as an agreeable scandal monger—not, however, per-

“mitting myself to degenerate into ab-  
“solute malice or coquetry.

“An invincible love of liberty, and  
“a certain taste for idleness and ease,  
“which render every thing, like au-  
“thority, insupportable to my nature,  
“have hitherto prevented me from  
“marrying.

“I have never discovered any man  
“so superior as to command me—so  
“amiable as to enslave me—so void of  
“character as to be my puppet—so dis-  
“creet and faithful as to be my friend.

“ I have a mind too elevated—a heart  
“ too timid—and an imagination too  
“ ardent—to be the subject of a conti-  
“ nued delusion.

“ I *would* not command; nor *will* I  
“ obey any man.

“ I wish for a social friend, with

“ whom I may pass the remainder of

“ my days, united by the purest, the

“ truest, and most virtuous sentiments:

“ to live with each other free from all

“ constraint: neither reserve, false de-

“ licacy, nor vanity should be admitted

“ of our party: music, interesting  
“ reading, the society of some well-  
“ informed and highly educated man,  
“ to fill up our lives.

“ If, therefore, there is to be found  
“ a woman, between the ages of twenty,  
“ six and thirty-six, of a good healthful  
“ constitution and moral character—  
“ who has been well brought up—with  
“ a pure and sensible heart, reasonable  
“ and unaffected mind, and correct  
“ taste; who possesses politeness, fe-  
“ minine softness, prudence, sincerity  
“ —to such a woman I would gladly

“ offer the unqualified participation of  
“ my friendship, my house, and my  
“ fortune.

“ I could wish that she were neither  
“ ugly, nor absolutely poor: and if  
“ the particulars I enumerate chance to  
“ meet the approbation they are in-  
“ tended to claim, I shall expect an  
“ answer equally frank with my proposal:

“ Let it enumerate her good qualities,  
“ and her failings.”

“ At my house she will find an income  
“ adequate to the genteel indulgences

“ of life, a servant at her own particular command, a carriage, a suit of apartments, and the range of a beautiful and romantic garden, in a delightful county.

“ She shall eat either with me, or alone, as her inclination, for the day, prompts: she shall make a trial of my disposition for a twelvemonth; and the only bar I make is, that she be not a French woman, a Jewess, or a woman of quality.”

It was broad day long before the

rooms were cleared of masks, and Maria Ormsby, enchanted with the elegant fatigue she had suffered, anticipated the charming paragraphs with which the convenient Morning Post would celebrate her magnificent gala.

“ How infinitely happy I am ! ”—she exclaimed, looking round on the deserted rooms—“ I shall make such a noise in town ! —I shall be so divinely hated by all petty pretenders to fashion ! —so sweetly envied by the nobility ! . . . Heigho ! I shall die with excess of pleasure.”

Poor deluded trifler!—what is become of the spell of love, which so forcibly, a few short months ago, attracted you to your husband? Where that virtue, good sense, and delicacy, without which the charm must dissolve? Where the mutual kindness and the mutual esteem that make a man and wife dearer and more estimable to each other than all the world beside?

Yet, you are happy.

HAPPY in the unlimited indulgence of

capricious levities—HAPPY in the ambitious pursuit of extravagant follies—HAPPY in the mutually eager endearments of illicit love—

Good Heaven! . . . *What a happiness!*

Charles Dixon was her shadow; but scandal did not touch her fame. An unreserved confidence appeared to exist between Edward and his wife; they neither shunned nor sought each other: no bickerings—no upbraiding: Edward went his way—Maria went hers:

so that they were esteemed by all the town to be a most amiable, and very happy, couple.

Among the females most distinguished by Mrs. Ormsby's friendship, I shall select a bevy of artificial beauties, who lived in mutual confidence.

They graced the gardens in a group—walked arm in arm every evening in Portman-Square—and contrived their engagements inseparably from each other.

Never were there more fervent devotees at the shrine of *pleasure* than these ladies: and there *was* a time when youth, a clear brown skin, and animated black eyes, left them few competitors.

But, it has been remarked, that female vanities never die; and when the rose of beauty fades, it hath been found expedient to new tint the colouring, as an artist would a decaying picture.

Those, therefore, who remember these ladies, some fourteen or fifteen

years ago, sportive as Hebes, blooming with the ruddy blush of playful exercise, must not appear too much surprised at finding them, now, candle-light blondes; and, in public, such still pieces of machinery, that they fear to smile, lest they should crack their faces; and dread to turn their heads, in compliment to their highly varnished necks.

Not that they are *really* pieces of still life. On private occasions, and in private places, they can gambol with the playfulness of kittens.

It would be scandalous to argue aught against the reputation of these mysterious ladies.

All the neighbourhood of G——— Place bear witness to their chastity; notwithstanding a jealous-pated wife or two—certain troublesome Mrs. Oakleys, who will not be happy themselves, nor suffer others to be so—have sometimes, most impertinently, sent to a certain widow's, when Mamma has been away, in *search* of a strayed sposo; and, at other times, committed a like extravagance of humour, in *supposing*

they *could* be hid in a lady's chamber,  
when her husband was, notoriously,  
out of town.

All envy, hatred, malice, and other  
uncharitableness!—Yet, there are per-  
sons who will *say and sell* it too.

To do nothing, *publicly*, which might  
give offence to the vulgar, is the *arcana*  
of preserving a reputation, either in  
man, or woman: follow this maxim,  
and you may enjoy life, *à la sourdine*,  
as if it were divested of all moral ties,

and made up only of pleasures, fleeting  
as our own existence.

Nothing, scarcely, agitated the poli-  
tics of fashion, but the Ormsby enter-  
tainments: they were allowed, nem.  
con. to be monstrously divine—the very  
climax of wonderment.

The Ormsby cap!—the Ormsby robe!  
—the Ormsby divorce!—the Ormsby  
dickie!

All the new fashions given by Ma-

dame Lanchester, in her elegant Magazin—all the fashions in the Belle Assemblée—from the slipper to the lace handkerchief that fantastically bandeaus the head, or veils the face of beauty, were invariably distinguished by “the “Ormsby.”

A fashionable toothpick was called the Ormsby whim—and every article of bijouterie was distinguished by that magical name.

Our heroine, soon after, became a lady patroness of the A—— Street In-

stitution, and voted the Royal Institution to be "A GREAT BORE."

The managers were at her feet ; they wrote verses upon her—and columns of the Morning Post groaned with her panegyric.

At her command, an extra benefit was conferred on the divine C—.

It was not enough that the town should have almost died with rapture at the brilliancy of her execution—the sweetness and vast compass of her voice

—the rapidity of her transitions—the facility with which she reached the highest note, or descended to the lowest..

.. No :

The Ormsby and the C—— were the two greatest personages in the kingdom—(*respectfully omitting All the Talents*) —on the same parallel that Abellino and the Duke of Venice are assimilated, by the Bravo, to each other—the *fanaticism per la musica* was to have more senses, than the ear, enchanted—the eyes were to be the Sir Clement Cotterels to the soul—all mankind was to be magnet.

ised—for lo! . . . . but “ tell it not  
“ in Gath, nor publish it in the streets  
of Askalon”—the town was to be pre-  
sented with the most interesting of all  
possible spectacles. . . . .

*C— in breeches!!!*

Oh! 'twas such a charming novelty  
—so much conception in the idea—

*C— in breeches!!! \**

Orders were given by all the nobility,  
to their coachmen, to get up at all ha-

\* A black coat, white waistcoat, and nankeen  
pantaloons. What a disappointment!

zards : no respect to be had to persons, pannels, or poles ; and the Haymarket was as fully jammed up with coroneted equipages, before the opening of the doors, as it is on a market day with hay carts.

Never before had such a mob of nobles been collected at the avenues of the Opera-house : not even at the memorable masquerade given by the King of Denmark.

Opera glasses were to be let, for the evening, like Opera hats—every body

wanted a peep ; from Master Jackey, just out of his Westminster trammels, to sly Old Q. in the corner : and the event justified the expectation.

Speaking of the C——, as a public singer, I am warranted in these remarks. All public characters are exposed to the scourge of satire, and the lash of ridicule. I exclaim, in the language of George Colman, to the *narcotic hero* of his prematurely d——d play,

“ *You are my goods, my chattels, my horse, my ass—my any thing.*”

But when I speak of Madame C—— in her private character, I take pleasure in the tribute I am enabled to offer to her worth.

Mild, amiable, and unassuming in her domestic life ; humble in receiving, and gratefully appreciating, the public favor.

Indeed, her early habits were of the most retired nature. She had devoted her youth to the unnatural glooms of a cloister ; but during her novitiate, the wonderful powers of her voice display-

ed themselves, as she joined in chaunting the matin and the vesper service.

She was, in consequence, released from the fetters of religious bigotry ; and once more given to the world.

Those passions, however, whose placidity had offered no objection to the monastic vow, assumed a more imperious tone when practically called into action : and, as love is blind, it was her ill-fortune to enslave her affections unworthily.

The object of her choice was one of those characters—common in every great city—who live *comme il plaitoit à Dieu* : but as rough pebbles, jingled in a bag, acquire a sort of polish, so these chevaliers, from mingling at the gaming table, acquire a bastard air of fashion.

At all events, the anti-religieuse was captivated with the *scavoir-vivre* of Monsieur's air ; released him from prison ; and married him at the expense of six thousand louis d'ors paid among his creditors.

A reformed rake, it is said, makes a good husband. May the generosity and affection of this lady be repaid by the verification of the proverb!

A predestinarian would say, that Fate had reduced all the materialism of enjoyment to a single focus; for scarcely had a few hours of sleep tended to compose the disturbed nerves of all our fashionables, after the evening's banquet, ere their *finest feelings* were again invited to a feast.

Reader—it was Mendoza's benefit!

With the exception of ladies, the croud of the preceding evening were all assembled at the scene of action, where the sparring took place in the following order.

Mendoza and Spittone,

Belcher and Hikey Peak,

Jones and Cropley,

Wood and Cody,

Tring and Mendoza,

Little Puss and Dixon.

The croud was so excessive, that one third of the visitors were excluded as

spectators: but those who could see were most pleasurable delighted with the scene, which called forth reiterated thunders of cordial applause.

But when Mr. Mendoza came forward at the close of the entertainment, in the manner, and with the dignity, of a K—, to apologize for the non-appearance of Gulley, Crib, Dutch Sam, and Young Belcher—all, deservedly, great favourites—a groan of disappointment echoed through the crowd.

These tokens of mortification were,

however, followed by loud clappings, when it was announced that those gentlemen were in training, and proposed, very shortly, to have the honour of gratifying their most noble patrons with a public exhibition of their pugilistic powers—due notice of which would be given in all the morning papers.

The ensuing week was distinguished by a walking-match against time.

Our hero had undertaken, for a wager of one thousand guineas, to walk from a given point at Pimlico, to

Datchet Bridge, and return in five hours and a half—the distance upwards of forty miles.

To enable himself the better to enjoy this polite and rational amusement, Edward had been six weeks living on raw beef steaks; and, under the tuition of a skilful practitioner, was daily exercised in carrying a load up Primrose-Hill, which load was proportionally increased with his increasing wind.

The odds were against his winning

at starting ; but having reached Datchet considerably within half of his time, the odds changed. He lost, however, by seven seconds.

Fashion, thus madly pursued, is a whirlpool that drowns the senses in its irresistible vortex : yet it is denominated the *whirlpool of pleasure*, and all gaily dash forward in the deceitful torrent.

Of all public places, that most to be approved is, certainly, the Fashionable Institution.

By the standing rules, the company cannot be otherwise than select. Ladies and gentlemen may lounge the promenade, at their ease, free from the intrusion of *vulgar* fashionables ; and unjostled, either by a w——, or a pick-pocket.

Let us return to the all-fascinating  
Mrs. Ormsby.

Devoted to Charles Dixon—as much as woman could be, whose head was stuffed with vanity, and whose heart was wedded to folly—platonic attach-

ments, and sentimental friendships, became quite the rage.

Every lady of ton—married or unmarried—had her *Inseparable*; but no one was more envied the post of *honor* than Charles Dixon.

Charles was exactly made up to be a lady's plaything: gaiety, good-humor, and badinage were the chief ingredients of his character; and fortune, by a lucky hit, made talent and exertion two supernumeraries unwanted in his establishment.

The father of Charles had been a merchant, trading in the city, in co-partnership with his *only* son—for Charles was a child of love—and being of a speculative disposition, he entered into a sort of wild-goose scheme of considerable magnitude; in support of which, it became necessary to give securities to a great amount.

Young Dixon, consequently, was called upon by his father to join in these securities, which he peremptorily refused to do, alledging them to be of a ruinous tendency.

The old gentleman, thus constrained, applied elsewhere ; and his sanguine expectations were, ultimately, crowned with most ample success.

From this moment, he discarded his son ; who, at the next election, lost his seat for want of his father's support—his prospects, also, declined ; till he actually found himself under confinement in the Fleet.

Nothing could move the revengeful spirit of the old gentleman, who was,

now, immensely rich, and who gloried in his son's distress.

He made his will, bequeathing to Charles the whole of his fortune, conditionally, that he forfeited the same, if he ever assisted his brother, in any way whatsoever.

At his father's death, Charles found himself in possession of a considerable sum in money, and landed estates to the value of some thousands per annum.

What a pretty pigeon, fully fledged,  
and ready for picking !

Under all the inconsiderate ardour of youth, Charles thought himself invested with the purse of Fortunatus.

Profusely liberal, his table was regulated without system ; and his guests invited without distinction. Any man of fashion, unengaged for the day, was sure to meet the delicacies of the season, enlivened with Burgundy and Champaigne, in —— Street. In short, Charles Dixon was a d—d fine fellow.

At the gaming table he lost his money in a double way—by playing and by lending ; but still he could seize upon a scrap of paper, and the talismanic characters of his name, like the magic tones of “Open, Sesame !” unclosed the treasury at Drummond’s, and invested him with the golden spoil.

Fashionables will, no doubt, suppose the thoughtless prodigal was rigidly obedient to his father’s will, and never bestowed a thought on his imprisoned brother.

Not so—Charles has a heart to feel, and principles to act upon : these he indulged at the imminent risk of his fortune ; contriving, by every practicable subterfuge, to relieve the pecuniary difficulties of the discarded son.

A few short years, however, convinced Charles, that his golden mines were not inexhaustible ; and then, in imitation of his namesake, in the School for Scandal, he made free with the family canvas.

A loss at faro—an unlucky bet on the

At the gaming table he lost his money in a double way—by playing and by lending ; but still he could seize upon a scrap of paper, and the talismanic characters of his name, like the magic tones of “Open, Sesame !” unclosed the treasury at Drummond’s, and invested him with the golden spoil.

Fashionables will, no doubt, suppose the thoughtless prodigal was rigidly obedient to his father’s will, and never bestowed a thought on his imprisoned brother.

Not so—Charles has a heart to live,  
 and principles to act upon: these he indulged at the imminent risk of his fortune; contriving, by every practicable subterfuge, to relieve the pecuniary difficulties of the discarded wife.

A few short years, however, convinced Charles, that his golden moments were not inexhaustible; and then, in imitation of his namesake, in the "Duke," for Scandal, he made fast with the family carriage.

A loss at first—an unlucky loss in the

At the gaming table he lost his money in a double way—by playing and by lending ; but still he could seize upon a scrap of paper, and the talismanic characters of his name, like the magic tones of “Open, Sesame !” unclosed the treasury at Drummond’s, and invested him with the golden spoil.

Fashionables will, no doubt, suppose the thoughtless prodigal was rigidly obedient to his father’s will, and never bestowed a thought on his imprisoned brother.

Not so—Charles has a heart to feel, and principles to act upon : these he indulged at the imminent risk of his fortune ; contriving, by every practicable subterfuge, to relieve the pecuniary difficulties of the discarded son.

A few short years, however, convinced Charles, that his golden mines were not inexhaustible ; and then, in imitation of his namesake, in the School for Scandal, he made free with the family canvas.

A loss at faro—an unlucky bet on the

turf—and similar mischances—were paid off with a Rubens, a Teniers, or a Vandyke.

Meanwhile, his softer hours were devoted to gentle dalliance with the yielding fair; and his reputation—whatever his practice—ranked high in the annals of gallantry.

Success, 'tis said, is the enemy of caution; and Charles was awakened to a sense of his follies by a crim. con. action which deprived him of five thousand pounds.

Experience, now, began to gain a hearing: Charles called in his bills—set seriously to work in regulating his affairs—and, from this management, founded on reformation, he enjoys a snug income of about four thousand a year—a seat in parliament for his own borough—an entrée into every polite circle—and an unqualified reputation as being the most amiable Philander of the age.

One morning, the lovely Ormsby requested an interview with Edward at breakfast—for, although they lived in

the same house, they did not suffer their uncertain hours to disturb each others repose: he attended the summons with a smile.

“ Oh, my *dear* Edward”—said the coaxing syren—“ how kind you are, “ and how much I want you!—Come, “ you must be more than good-na-“ tured, for I have a monstrous great “ favour to ask of you.”

“ Ask any thing, my dearest Maria, “ only do not look so provokingly “ lovely. By Heaven, you are the

“ most beautiful creature in the uni-  
 “ verse !”—clasping her to his bosom,  
 and embracing her.

“ Oh, you vile flatterer, to tell me I  
 “ look handsome, when I have not had  
 “ a wink of sleep all night, and could  
 “ almost die with vexation. .... but  
 “ tell me”—taking his hand, and look-  
 ing with bewitching entreaty. .... “ will  
 “ you grant my request ?”

“ Name it”—

“ I want ten thousand pounds, Ed-  
ward.”

“ Ten thousand pounds, Madam!—  
“ For God’s sake, do you take me for  
“ the goose that laid the golden eggs?  
“ —But answer me, Madam—how  
“ dare you have occasion for such a  
“ sum?”

“ Dare, Sir!....” contemptuously.

“ Yes, Madam.... dare! Your first  
“ season in town is not yet over—

“ Where are the five thousand guineas  
“ your father gave you ? Your trades-  
“ men’s bills, I think, you do not take  
“ the trouble of paying, and I presented  
“ you with your jewels.”

“ And pray, Sir, are there no other  
“ elegant expenses inseparable from the  
“ habits of a woman of fashion ?—  
“ Mean wretch ! This is what I get by  
“ marrying a paltry attorney’s clerk.”  
.... She paced the room in violent agi-  
tation.

As, the autumnal day, at morn, is

decked in all the splendors of that glorious luminary, whose cheering rays re-animate all-drooping nature, and extend its benign influence to the lowly peasant and the high born prince. . . . .

As suddenly the heavens are obscured—loud thunders roll—the vivid lightnings flash—and surcharged clouds burst in torrents over the deluged earth. . . . .

And as, again, a calm serenity clothes nature in delusive smiles—the feathered songster warbles where the thunders

pealed, and all things reassume a cheerful aspect.....

So, fared it with the Barouche-driver and his Wife. The scene, *so lovingly* begun, had wholly changed its tone; and flashes of resentment, keenly emanating from either eye, portended the approaching storm.

Happily, a loud knocking at the door disturbed their conference. Maria tripped gaily to the drawing-room, and received her guests with smiles of welcome.

“ My dearest Lady G——, how de-  
“ lighted I am to see you ! Where  
“ have you been these thousand years ? ”

“ Oh, my love, I am quite dead—  
“ Don’t I look horrible ? ”

“ Divinely, ‘pon honor.”

“ Indeed, I *must* die—Only conceive,  
“ went last night to Lady Trundle—  
“ sham’s—such a mob—but nobody  
“ there—the exertion of going among  
“ those abominable cits is really dread-  
“ ful—it is like going to my Lady

“ Mayoress’s ball.—Pray, my dear,  
“ were you ever at an Easter ball?”

“ Do spare my nerves—dearest Lady  
“ G—— an Easter ball!—I shall faint,  
“ indeed, if you name such a thing  
“ again.”

“ But, as I was saying—these Trun-  
“ dleshams were so anxious to show  
“ their new nobility, and their new  
“ plate, with coronets as large as por-  
“ ters’ knots, that they invited all the  
“ world—positively, it was impossible

“ to move: and, do you know, there  
“ was such an accident.”

“ Indeed! what was it—what was  
it?”

“ Why, you must know, my dear,  
“ that as the Framptons were driving  
“ up to the door, a sudden backing of  
“ carriages threw them, with a jerk,  
“ against the front glasses of their cha-  
“ riot, and cut their *pretty* faces most  
“ dreadfully.”

“ La! how comical!”

“ So ridiculous, you have no idea—I  
“ have been so nervous since, I wonder  
“ how I hold up my head—they made  
“ such rueful figures, you can’t con-  
“ ceive.—But, come with me to  
“ Phillips’s. Some of the finest busts  
“ bas reliefs—and fragments: I mean  
“ to ruin myself—I must have the  
“ terra cotta models by Roubiliac, cost  
“ what they will.”

“ Allons, my dear!”—and the vis  
drove off.

Philosophers have told us, that we

are all born equal, and that it is education which makes the difference between us—but I deny the position.

Those—whose progenitors have been uniformly well educated—whose ancestors have been bred in all the lofty notions of honour, integrity, and liberal sentiments, and whose minds have been continually formed by taste, with an attention to the graces and decencies of life—are not born, either in intellect or person, upon an equality with a ploughman.

They grow up with a different figure; and have, by nature, an irresistibly superior tendency, which nothing but force can alter.

Their affections, passions, inclinations, sentiments, are wholly different.

But the ephemera of the present day is composed, equally, of the degraded offspring of a noble sire, and of vulgar weeds, accidentally transplanted into the hot-bed of fashion: each, indiscriminately, striding "*the narrow world like a Colossus.*"

Maddening with rage, Edward set off instantly for Mr. Grunter's.

With a specious smile, and courtly fawn, his father-in-law advanced to receive him in the library. Edward was too much agitated to conceal his emotions.

“ Your daughter, Sir, has ruined “ me”—was his abrupt address, throwing himself, as he spoke, into a cane arm chair.

“ And pray, Sir, how am I to help

set "that?—I did not ask you to marry  
"her."

"H—ll and d——"—exclaimed the impatient Edward, starting from his seat, and striking his forehead with his clenched hand. . . . . The remainder of the sentence was lost in angry murmurs.

"When you are pleased to be cool,  
"Mr. Ormsby"—he replied, with provoking calmness—"I will request you  
"to unfold the purpose of this very

“ unceremonious visit. I do not argue  
“ with madmen.”

“ No, Sir!—nor mad women, either  
“ —*You*\* understand me, Mr. Grunt.  
“ er.”

“ Sir, you are scurrilous.”

“ Say, rather, I am *provoked*, Mr.  
“ Grunter—Your daughter has bored

\* Miss G. was committed to a madhouse, by  
papa, to prevent her marriage: but she escaped  
in dashing style.

“ me for ten thousand pounds, this  
“ morning—a stoic would not be able  
“ to command his temper—her allow-  
“ ances are most liberal.”

“ And you gave it to her, I suppose.  
“ Some little indiscretion at faro, I  
“ make no doubt—it must be hushed  
“ up, my good friend. Your wife is  
“ young—do not expose her to a mo-  
“ ment’s temptation—give her the  
“ money, kindly, and explain to her the  
“ consequences of indulging such an  
“ expensive passion—The mildness of  
“ your reproof will correct her—she

“ will be grateful for your generosity  
“ —and before next winter the little  
“ malheur will be quite forgotten.”

“ You are a philosopher, Mr. Grunter  
“ —but I am not quite so tame as you  
“ may imagine—nor could I, if I would,  
“ pay the money : I have not five hun-  
“ dred pounds at my banker’s.”

“ That’s quite your own look out,  
“ my dear son-in-law—I never meddle,  
“ in money matters, between man and  
“ wife.”

At this moment, the door opened, and Mrs. Grunter advanced her head ; but observing Mr. Grunter was not alone, she would have retired with a “ —beg pardon—” when Edward requested she would walk in.

“ Ah, Ormsby, is it you ?—How do ?  
“ —and how is Maria ?—Not seen her  
“ since the last launch at the West  
“ India Docks—really, we meet so sel-  
“ dom. . . . . ”

“ She has been *better employed*”—  
said Edward—“ than in studying filial

“ respect. She has been scattering ten  
“ thousand pounds, for the good of the  
“ nation.”

“ Dear creature!—for what?—Some  
“ elegant purchase, I'll engage—she has  
“ an infinity of taste—and people, you  
“ know, can't lead the fashions, with-  
“ out being extremely liberal in their  
“ expenses.—What is it, dear Ormsby?  
“ I do so long to know?—Maria is the  
“ envy of the whole town.”

— This speech, delivered in a strain of  
semi-demi rapture, accompanied by a

most affected lisp, called into action every natural irritability in our hero's temper—who, with frenzied action, rushed from the room, denouncing vengeance on the little nabob, and his family.

“Mighty strange, 'pon honor!”—was, at length, the *sage* remark of Mrs. Grunter, who had been for ten minutes staring, with astonishment, at her husband—her husband at her.

A council was, now, called between this fashionable papa and mamma, on

the half explained subject of their daughter's imprudence; but it was soon interrupted by the entrance of that daughter—in propria persona, attended by her *Inseparable*.

“ Bless me”—she exclaimed—“ how  
“ rueful!—Have you been dancing  
“ reels with the blue devils, Mamma?  
“ I never saw any thing so shocking?”

“ Mr. Dixon and myself will leave the  
“ room”—replied Mr. Grunter—“ Wo-  
“ men best understand each other; and  
“ the united genius of two females is

" enough, at any time, even for a Ma-  
chiavel to contend with."

The discovery was simple, and un-  
blushingly made.

Maria Ormsby was the treasurer of a  
pic-nic faro bank, from which she had,  
to satisfy her own private losses, pur-  
loined, at different times, the sum she  
now demanded. The bank was so low  
—she feared to meet the pointers of the  
evening library, and to meet the

“ Is that all, my love ? ” said Mrs. Grunter.

“ All, Mamma ? — Is not my character at stake ? — Can I ever hold up my head again after such a slip ? — If papa don’t help me, I must apply to Charles — but *that* is an alternative I would, willingly, avoid : I should be so much in his power afterwards . . . . Oh, my dear Mamma, what a wretch I have married, to leave me exposed to all this unnecessary mortification ! ”

“ Attendez — my love —

" You must be dying with the head,  
 " ache to-night, and tie up in a mob—  
 " meanwhile, take your jewels—if they  
 " are insufficient I will lend you some of  
 " mine—to Parker's: borrow two  
 " thousand pounds for the chances of  
 " the evening, and we will, afterwards,  
 " get your house robbed."

" Robbed, Mamma!—la, how shock-  
 " ing!"

" But *you* shall be the pretty thief, my  
 " love: the bank shall be robbed by a  
 " gang of daring villains, who shall

“ break into the house, and carry off  
“ the treasure. We will apply to Bow-  
“ Street—hand-bills shall be printed—  
“ rewards offered—it will be charming  
“ gossip for the town—then, in the  
“ morning, you shall redeem the jewels,  
“ and we will divide the remainder of  
“ the bank *between us*—what say you?”

“ Oh, my dear sweet, sweet Mamma  
“ —what a blessing it is to have such  
“ an own dear, dear mamma!—But  
“ where is my sister? She would be  
“ an able coadjutor?”

“ Left town yesterday, for a few  
“ days. Jemmy is gone with her.”

While these refined politicians were thus honorably engaged, Edward was ill at ease.

He, also, had been unsuccessful; and was obliged to borrow four thousand from a Jew, to satisfy a debt of honor. But Moses would be secure—and Edward was compelled to grant a warrant of attorney, payable in ten days—nine of which were expired—and he was meditating to borrow money from his

wife, when she, so unopportunely, anticipated him.

In this position of affairs, the following morning dawned : and with it the story of the robbery.

Nothing could exceed the commotion in the great world—Rob a faro bank!—What sacrilege!

The whole town presented itself at Mrs. Ormsby's doors—she shewed the forced locks—the trace of their dirty

feet on the carpet—the instruments left behind them in their hurry. . . . .

The evidence was most complete—and so little did the affair prejudice the great world against the fair delinquent, that on the following night, which had long been announced for the Ormsby fifth concert, a more than usual overflow of world inundated her rooms.

Edward and herself were perfectly reconciled—and he honored the evening with his presence.

If any young lady, possessing more than common curiosity, wishes to know how this domestic brûlée was, so suddenly hushed up, I will indulge her fancy by blabbing.

Rumor was not content in spreading the detail of this robbery over the western hemisphere of fashion—it travelled eastward; and Mr. Moses—who did not hear the story with quite so much implicit faith as the beau monde had done; and who, at all events, thought there must be *something* wrong—presented his bond on judgment for

payment ; and although Edward had assured him it would be paid at the end of the week, Moses thought " a bird in the hand worth two in the bush," and put an execution into the house on the morning of the concert.

It was, *now*, Mrs. Ormsby's turn to be in a passion—but the kind-hearted creature wisely compromised with her husband ; and even promised to assist him in the payment of the debt.

Edward brightened into his former good humor—kissed her—swore she

was an angel—and that all would be well in a few days.

Meanwhile, the bailiffs were put into state liveries—twelve supernumerary suits being kept for gala nights—and the *thing* went off with prodigious eclat.

It is certain, that luxury, fashion, and profusion, are the sinews of trade in all great cities—and that the steady mechanic thrives upon the follies of the shuttlecock peer.

But then, these extravagances should

be confined to the higher orders of society—it is among the prerogatives of our nobility to be ridiculous.

To each his station : when citizens, too proud to *belong* to the warehouses which give them wealth, migrate, *in masquerade*, from Fish-Street-Hill to Hill-Street, Berkeley-Square : people of real fashion should do more than ridicule their folly—they should correct it, by refusing to acknowledge such obtrusive claims to equality.

Let them, if they will, imitate the

great, give their parties—their concerts—and their routs—in their own proper sphere.

A very ingenious lady, whose *hard-hearted* spouse—though a knight—could not be prevailed with to move from a narrow dirty lane in the city, where he had honestly and industriously acquired all his wealth, determined on giving a public breakfast *al fresco*, and issued cards, to that effect, among her numerous friends.

The thing seemed impossible—but

nothing is impossible to female ingenuity.

On the morning appointed for the celebration of this *unique* gala—the coachman, footman, shopman, three warehouse porters, and two carmen, were posted in rich hired liveries, and formed an avenue to the church-yard, where the lady hostess, and her four accomplished daughters, were seated beneath the shadows of a large yew-tree.

An elegant cold collation, prepared by

Mr. Deputy B—h, was served up, in appropriate devices, on the most convenient tombstones : gormandizing was succeeded by dancing up the passage to the aisle, which was fancifully chalked for the occasion.

About seven, in the evening, the party separated ; highly delighted with the novelty of their entertainment, and enraptured with the condescending affability of my lady hostess, and the polite attention of her *accomplished* daughters.

It is possible, that these volumes  
may, one day or other, fall into the  
hands of some poor curate's wife, who  
will raise up her hands, and bless her  
stars that fate had secluded her from  
the *wicked* town; while her husband,  
whose worldly knowledge may be as  
contracted as his income, will possibly  
call all my fashionable tales "a *Lunnote*  
"bumbug," and ask—pertinently e-  
nough—if it were possible that the well  
regulated police of a populous city  
should licence gaming, robbery, and  
profaneness.

Kissing goes by favor, Reverend Sir,  
in every polished nation; and person-  
ages of more exalted rank than any I  
have hitherto mentioned, know how  
possible it is to *slide backwards*, yet si-  
lence *public* reproach.

And we further know, that let a law  
be ever so wisely framed, it cannot  
provide against subtlety, chicane, and  
villainy.

Witness the notorious swindler, late-  
ly released from punishment, because  
the stolen goods were not presented in

Court, although *actually* in the prosecutor's possession.

Witness the ——— prythee name it, gentle reader. . . . . of an imprisoned debtor, released from the shackles of the law, to fill his *purchased* seat in an august assembly: by which latter most agreeable translation of the law, it is expected some very dashing blades will be restored to Bond-Street; it being much more convenient to purchase b——s, at four thousand each, than discharges at fifty, or sixty.

Such are the blessings of an enlightened age!—such the powers of legal c<sub>o</sub>suistry!—such the unsullied boast of our c—————l rights!

But the most ravishing indiscretion—unpunishable by law—that modern times records, is the late violation of the "mystic ~~camphoa~~ ~~baie~~." The acquitted culprit, however, has merely exchanged the rope's end for the matrimonial graves; and *dreams* of freedom in the house of bondage.

I have read a Russian fragment, ap-

icable, in my humble opinion, to the  
diminutest loves of this happy, happy pair.

“ . . . . .

.....

.....

—“ By degrees, her aversion to men  
wore off, and she became sensibly  
touched with the fidelity of his at-  
tachment. Vanity had lost much of  
his empire, and she, now, loved him  
for his worth alone.

“ At last, she said, why, my Alexei;  
why, are not all men like you?—Love

“ would be divested of its torments,  
“ and we should enjoy an eternal fel-  
“ city.

“ Inspired by this tender confession,  
“ Alexei became a suppliant, and was  
“ accepted.

“ One only condition attached to her  
“ promise—they were to quit the gay  
“ throng, and live in retirement.

“ The wicked world, my dear Alexei,  
“ would envy our happiness. Let us

“ conceal it from them, and live in each  
“ other’s smiles.

“ My life”—he replied—“ is devoted  
“ to you, incomparable Julia!—I would  
“ go with you to the world’s end; and  
“ never dream of any joy, but that  
“ which flowed from you. Your will  
“ shall be my law:—Alexei never can  
“ deceive his Julia.

“ The first six or eight weeks, in the  
“ country, passed like the pleasing  
“ charms of a fine summer’s day.

“ Alexei was happy in Julia. . . . Julia  
“ was all grateful affection.

“ Heavens,” cried Julia, “ how can  
“ people live in the giddy metropolis?  
“ Here, Nature shares all our joys—we  
“ will never leave the country.

“ In town, my love, all is confusion  
“ and trouble—here, all gaiety, con-  
“ tent, and innocence: there you would  
“ live in perpetual restraint—here, in  
“ constant freedom. . . . . Ah, my be-  
“ loved Alexei, pressing his hand to

“ her heart, and looking at him with  
“ excessive tenderness—

“ 'Tis in the bosom of Nature, only,  
“ that the feeling heart can find re-  
“ pose.

“ Towards the conclusion of sum-  
“ mer, Julia's panegyrics on retirement  
“ were more languid; but when the  
“ glooms of autumn robbed the trees  
“ of their verdure—the garden of its  
“ flowers—the fields of their fragrance  
“ the birds of their melody.....

“ She froze, with horror, at the altered scene. The solitary change seized on her spirits—she lost all relish for solitude.

“ Alexei observed she was weary of her situation: he took up the Nouvelle Heloise, to recall to her mind all those enchanting fancies which occupy a heart in love—for they both loved—fondly loved—and Nature had formed them for its most exquisite enjoyments.

“ As he pursued the feelings of the

" enamoured St. Preux, *Alexei* became  
 " more agitated—*Julia* more tender:  
 " she sank on the bosom of her hus-  
 " band—threw her arms around his  
 " neck—and, in murmuring accents,  
 " owned the powers of love.

" This was, however, momentary:  
 " the delirium past, *Julia* began to ar-  
 " gue against *Rousseau*.

" All he says, my dear *Alexei*, is, in.  
 " deed, very charming; and, for a  
 " time, touches the finest chords about  
 " the heart: but love dies in continued

“ solitude: the human heart is restless  
“ —eager after novelty: it must be  
“ supplied with new emotions—new  
“ impressions—to strengthen and to in-  
“ vigorate its feelings.

“ The most ardent love droops in re-  
“ tirement—we want comparisons to  
“ make us happy. In the gay world  
“ we feel the real value of the blessings  
“ we possess.”.....  
.....

Having thus sung “ the loves of John  
and Jean,” we leave them to bill and

coo in their chosen retirement, and return to Mr. Moses and his crew.

Maria, in obedience to her engagement, partly aided by her share of the spoil—partly borrowing from Mamma's share—and partly begging from Papa—payed off the execution, and kicked the Israelite down stairs.

Once more *fairly* afloat, the Barouche-driver and his Wife pursued pleasure with a renovated vigour; and determined on announcing an entertainment, which, for novelty, splendor,

and croud, was to surpass all former out-doings.

It was, therefore, announced to the fashionable world, that on the 28th of May, the ORMSBY REGATTA would be given at Lord E——'s park in Hertfordshire—his Lordship having, most obligingly, lent the mansion and grounds for the occasion.

This park, which is very extensive, is remarkable for a navigable canal which runs nearly through the center;

and, on this beautiful piece of water, the Regatta was to take place.

The nobility, and fashion of the town, to do more immediate honor to their lovely hostess, had voted it to be the order of the day, that all visitors should appear in state—that is, with six, or, at least, four horses, and numerous outriders.

At the eastern, or grand, gate of entrance, two large marquees were erected, with temporary refreshment; and, at two o'clock precisely, on the firing

of a cannon, the company were to be conducted to the northern extremity of the canal, preceded by D'Egville's pupils, habited as Zephyrs ; who were to scatter flowers, as they mingled in the fantastic varieties of the mazy dance, before the brilliant throng.

On the banks of the water, a small fleet of gondolas, gaily decked with streamers, would invite parties to repose beneath their silken awnings. Groupes of mermaids \*, characteristically attired,

\* Mr. Saunders's *celebrated troop* was en-

to sport on the stream ; mingling with tritons bearing conch-shells.

Having embarked to the soft strains of flutes and clarinets, the gondolieri paddled down the canal to meet a splendid barge, in which "THE ORMSBY" voluptuously reclined, surrounded by

---

gaged to perform these characters. Supported, from the waist upwards, by Daniel's Life Pre-  
"servers," nothing would have been more sim-  
ple ; although the effect would have been novel  
and romantic. What says W— P— ?

Cupids, in imitation of Cleopatra on  
the silver Cydnos.

The pageantry of this barge was intended to exceed all description; and a full martial band, in Turkish uniform, were to announce the QUEEN's approach.

This fairy vision was to have been succeeded by a cold collation, served beneath an awning suspended from the neighbouring oaks: the ballet of Cupid and Psyche was to be performed, *al fresco*, during the repast—the whole to conclude with reels and waltzes.

Invention had often been racked to claim pre-eminence of ton—but never had produced so beautiful a novelty. Anticipation was on tip-toe.

One preparatory morning Mrs. Ormsby had occasion to drive into the city; and, on the stoppage of her carriage at the bottom of Ludgate-Hill, she was uncommonly surprised to see an immense mob collected round the corner house—the windows of which were all broken ; and the building itself defended by a barricado.

“Enquire what is the matter, John.”

John returning, replied—“A GHOST,  
“an’t please you, my Lady.”

“A GHOST!”—reiterated Mrs. Ormsby.

At this moment, a gentleman approached the carriage, saying, if permitted, he would relieve the lady’s curiosity.

Mrs. Ormsby, with much eagerness, thanked him for his politeness.

“ I am a ruler of the Fleet, Madam ;  
“ and my peregrinations being confined  
“ to part of Ludgate-Hill ; I was, last  
“ Friday evening, taking my accus-  
“ tomed saunter, when I was, thus ab-  
“ ruptly, accosted by a Mr. M‘Manus,  
“ with whom I had a previous slight  
“ acquaintance, from a similarity of  
“ circumstances.

“ Tell me, Sir, have you seen my  
“ dear wife ?”

“ Your wife, Mr. M‘Manus ?—You  
“ know she died nine months ago.”

“ But her ghost—Sir !—her ghost—  
“ Sure you know 'tis Lady H——'s  
“ ghost, and no other *living* soul's, that  
“ comes here every night to see me..  
“ .. Oh, Lady H——, Lady H——!  
“ Why would you be after leaving me  
“ at all, at all?”

“ Observing the poor man to be vio-  
“ lently agitated, I would have taken  
“ him to my lodging—for the croud  
“ was gathering very thick around us  
“ —but he would not be driven from  
“ his purpose. He insisted on ringing

“ at the door of that house, now en-  
“ closed with high boarding.

“ He was answered by a porter—the  
“ only resident—from whom he re-  
“ quested leave to remain in the office  
“ till midnight; but the man rudely  
“ refusing him, he appeared almost dis-  
“ tracted—apostrophising the spirit  
“ of his dear wife in wild, incoherent  
“ language; and vowing, for her sake,  
“ that he would live and die on the  
“ spot.

“ I asked him, why he so particu-

“ larly fancied she appeared there,  
“ when she died in the Old Bailey—for  
“ you must know, Madam, a report  
“ had been some days in circulation,  
“ that a ghost was seen about the Hill.

“ Sure, and I know”—he answered  
—“ the dear crature will come all the  
“ way she can, to mate me.... The  
“ Lord bless her—she was only forty-  
“ seven when she died ; but she *ought*  
“ to have been forty-eight, for her  
“ mother had a miscarriage.”

“ For the better understanding of

“ this last sentence, I must acquaint  
“ you, Madam, that his wife, Lady  
“ H——, though under coverture, was  
“ a prisoner in the Rules ; and that  
“ house, which is an Institution Office,  
“ being one of the boundaries, he *chose*  
“ to suppose she would come thus far  
“ to meet him.

“ At length, not being able to re-  
“ move him, and the mob becoming  
“ very troublesome, I made my best  
“ way out of it.

“ It was now nearly nine. The mob

“ increased ; and as it grew darker,  
“ broke all the windows ; and would,  
“ most probably, have committed fur-  
“ ther excesses, had not the police been  
“ called into action.

“ The story now is, that a MURDER  
“ was committed many years ago on  
“ the premises, and that the spirit of  
“ the deceased haunts the spot.

“ There are many who declare they  
“ have seen it, and that it is the *ghost*  
“ *of a female.*”

“ Can you tell me, Sir, who this  
“ poor man is, and who Lady H—?”

“ I can, Madam: Lady H— was  
“ the widow of an honest brazier in  
“ Dublin; who, having amassed a for-  
“ tune by his industry, became Lord  
“ Mayor of the city, and a civic knight.

“ At his decease, my Lady married  
“ Mr. M‘Manus, a needy young bar-  
“ rister; at whose instance, she threw  
“ away all she had, in pursuit of a  
“ chimerical law suit.

“ This folly brought them both into  
“ the Rules ; from which, however,  
“ he has been some time discharged—  
“ but she remained till her death.

“ He still pursues his romantic claims  
“ —*in forma pauperis*—and they have,  
“ I believe, poor man, turned his  
“ brain.”

Here the stranger bowed ; and Mrs. Ormsby having thanked him—directed her coachman to drive home.

A novel, my fair readers, would be

nothing without a GHOST: it is true, I do not lead you through vaulted coridores echoing to the footsteps of the midnight wanderer—nor do I endanger your necks in following a narrow winding staircase, at the acute angle of which, a sudden blast of noisome air extinguishes your lamp, and leaves you to all the terrors of darkness.

I relate to you a fact, indicative of the credulity of the people; which neither time, nor reason, will ever correct.

The infatuated multitude, at the mo-

ment I am writing—for it is past twelve at night—are gathered round the *haunted* house ; and as firmly expect to see the *ghost*, as I expect to be extolled to the skies, for the amusement I am, *now*, offering to the politer circles of society : and that I may deserve it, surprise shall ride upon surprise, to the end of the Barouche-driver's journey.

Edward, latterly, had indulged the habit of conducting a lady of high quality to a certain *convenient hotel* in the neighbourhood of Soho-Square.

It was Sunday; and *other amusements* being exploded, her Ladyship had given him an appointment at half past nine.

The entrée was favorable to their warmest wishes; but as they were about to retire, after “the feast of “ reason, and the flow of soul”—another door opened on the landing, critically, as they unclosed theirs.

“ Oh, heavens!”—murmured her Ladyship—“ I am ruined, my dearest “ Ormsby—Your *wife* has seen me.”

“ My wife!—impossible.”

“ I pledge my *honor* it was her—I  
“ dare not venture down stairs.”

“ I will soon see”—said Edward,  
coolly advancing to the door he had  
heard open.

He tapped: no reply—Again: all  
was still.

Upon which he placed his shoulder to  
the door, and the lock instantly gave  
way.

A violent shrieking ensued, which brought up the terrified landlord, anxious for the *reputation* of his house.

“ What is the matter, noble Sir?—  
“ What is the matter?—For God’s sake,  
“ do not ruin my house!—Oh, what  
“ is the matter?—What is the mat-  
“ ter?”

“ *Nothing*”—answered Edward—  
“ *only* that lady is my wife, and that  
“ gentleman my friend. Order a dozen  
“ wax lights, instantly, to this room.”

The trembling landlord obeyed.

“Now, Mr. Charles”—said Edward, who had not spoken to the parties before—“I will give you a *proper biding.*”

No sooner said, than done: at it they went, secundum artem.

Our hero was athletic, and aimed his straight forward blows with extreme good will; but Charles, who was light and agile, evaded the powerful effort with great dexterity, and danced round

his antagonist; giving him play, while  
he wasted his exertion.

It was, now, Charles's turn; and he put in his blows so successfully, that, after nineteen rounds, he was declared to be the *best* man.

At the beginning of the contest, several *Misses*, half dressed, flew to the head of the stairs, that they might be spectators of the sport; but they did not even get a peep.

Edward, mortified in the extreme,

retired to the room where he had left his trembling companion ; and calling for pen, ink, and paper, wrote the following billet, which he sent to Charles Dixon, who had not left the house.

“ My HONOR requires a *further* expi-  
“ ation : meet me at one to-morrow,  
“ near the telegraph on Wimbleton  
“ Common—the lady you may dispose  
“ of as you please.

“ E. O.”

The reply :

“ I shall be punctual.”

“ C. D.”

The point of honor settled, Edward washed his bruised and bloody face, and then turned to comfort his fair companion, who was oppressed with terror, being only a noviate in *such* scenes. The house, however, being restored to order, they, at length, escaped.

On the following day, at the appoint-

ed hour, the parties, with their seconds,  
met.

Both were to fire at a signal.

“ Take care, Charles, I shall hit you,  
“ by G—d!”

“ Fire away, my lad of wax.”

They did so.

“ Winged—by the Lord Harry!”—  
said Edward.

“ I'll tie you up,”—replied Charles, loosing his double cravat to bandage the arm.

They, then, returned to town together, and made an appointment for dinner at the Thatched House.

Every minute principle of honor being thus, *most amply*, gratified ; and Mrs. Ormsby having retired with Charles Dixon—Edward ordered an upholsterer to take an inventory, and advertise a sale of his effects.

In two days the Regatta was to have taken place.

“ How unfortunate !”—says one.—“ Had she but *waited* till the Regatta “ was over”—said another.—“ I long “ *suspected it*”—said a third.—“ Every “ body *knew it*”—said a fourth.—“ Oh, “ the *Regatta* !”—said a fifth. . . . .

Nothing but lamentation was heard throughout the western region for full twice four-and-twenty hours : it was the ne plus ultra of mortification.

The lawyers were, instantly, set to work ; and the haut ton were beginning to compromise the Regatta, in the sale at Ormsby-house.

#### Another disappointment.

A few mornings previous to the day of sale, Edward had just dismounted from his box, and was retiring to dress, when the porter delivered a letter, which he said was to be given to his own hand.

Our hero broke the seal : it was as follows.

“ Mr. Ormsby,

“ Sir,

“ When the late Mr. Dalton died,  
“ my very worthy friend and client  
“ was in Wales.

“ Returned to town ; business so  
“ pressing, quite forgot small box of  
“ papers belonging to deceased.

“ Found said papers yesterday ; look-  
“ ing over them, as in duty bound,

“ discovered said Mr. Dalton's will,  
“ executed according to due form of  
“ law ; bearing date fourteenth Febru-  
“ ary A. D. 1792.

“ By said will, testator hath be-  
“ queathed all property, whatsoever,  
“ and wheresoever, either in possession,  
“ reversion, remainder, or howsoever  
“ otherwise, to Samuel Dalton, of AL-  
“ dermanbury, wine and spirit mer-  
“ chant, and to his heirs, for ever.

“ This for your information, being

“ Your's, &c.

“ WM. LATTITAF.”

“ Chancery-lane, May 26, 1807.

A thunderbolt would have been mercy to this intelligence. Our hero stood like one transfixed :

Pierc'd by severe amazement—hating life—  
Speechless, and fix'd in all the death of woe !  
So—faint resemblance ! on the marble tomb,  
The well-dissembled mourner stooping stands,  
For ever silent—and for ever sad...

Proposals of a very liberal nature were made to Edward, on the following day, by Mr. Dalton the heir : who, so far from exulting over him, had determined on offering him a handsome

settlement: but Edward's affairs were desperate beyond this proffered kind-  
ness.

Fame soon circulated the news of his altered circumstances, and he was arrested, in the presence of Mr. Dalton, for sums it would have been madness to have interfered in.

The extravagance of his wife had been so unlimited—so infinitely beyond the calculations of a man, who never permitted himself to think—that the sale of the whole property would scarce-

ly have placed him in the independence he enjoyed, when he, exultingly, exclaimed,

“ And *will* I learn to box? . . . and  
“ *will* I keep a stud? . . . and *will* I  
“ drive four in hand?”

Mr. Dalton thought it even imprudent to bail him; wishing that the denouement of his early career of dissipation might tend to ameliorate his conduct; and that this impressive lesson, on his own demerits, might be his future safeguard.

He was, therefore, in due form removed to the King's Bench prison, where Mr. Dalton made him a very handsome weekly allowance.

But a prison is not a school of reformation. What says Dr. Johnson?

“ The misery of gaols is not half their  
“ evil: they are filled with every cor-  
“ ruption which poverty and vice can  
“ generate between them: with all the  
“ shameless and profligate enormities.  
“ that can be produced by the impu-

“ dence of ignominy—the rage of want  
“ —and the malignity of despair.

“ In a prison the awe of a public eye  
“ is lost ; and the power of the law is  
“ spent ; there are few fears—there are  
“ no blushes.

“ Every one fortifies himself, as he  
“ can, against his own sensibility : he  
“ endeavors to practise on others, the  
“ arts which have been practised on  
“ himself, and gains the kindness of his  
“ associates by a similitude of manners.

“ Thus, some sink amidst their miseries ; and others survive, only, to propagate villainy.

“ If there are any made so obdurate by avarice or cruelty, as to revolve these consequences without dread or pity—I must leave them to be awakened by some other power....

“ I write, only, to human beings.”

To the spirited exertions of the benevolent Lord Moira, the prisoner,

however, is at last taught to look up for mercy.

A new system of law, between debtor and creditor, is said to have been prepared; and we will hope it may be propitious: we will hope that able and distinguished officers, pining in want and ~~and~~ slothfulness, may be restored to professions they have talents to ornament; and we will hope, that the *vindictive* tradesman, who first *lures* the unwary into debt, and then *gloats* on the inquisitorial sufferings he is permitted to inflict on his victim, may,

no longer, enjoy the twofold power—  
to TEMPT, and to CHASTISE.

Of the Grunters, little remains to be added: the wretched parents of a wretched offspring—the primary cause of all their delinquencies; they are alike shunned and detested by all orders of society: and they begin to find, that even Asiatic splendor cannot, always, gloss Asiatic principles; or wealthy villainy, eventually, shake off its *due* reward.

Our hero is of a different stamp. In-

tiated, too early, into the dissipations of high life, with all the warmth and inconstancy of character, that betrayed *neglected*, rather than *depraved*, principles; solitude has brought him to reflexion; and reflexion is improved by the friendly admonition of Mr. Dalton.

Thus, in one little moment, the splendid visions of the **BAROUCHE-DRIVER** and **HIS WIFE** vanished from their grasp—but such, is all sublunary grandeur.

“ The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous pa-  
“ laces,  
“ The solemn temples, the great globe itself—  
“ Yea, all that it inherit—shall dissolve,  
“ And like the baseless fabric of a vision,  
“ Leave not a wreck behind !

THE END.

## POSTSCRIPT.

The Author has the honour to announce, that he is busily engaged in the collection of curious anecdote, for a Work to be printed in November next, under the title of

“ASMODEUS IN LONDON,”  
and solicits the public patronage.

A SECOND EDITION of *his* “INFIDEL MOTHER,” is now ready for delivery to those ladies who have been hitherto disappointed, when sending for it: and A SECOND EDITION of *his* “MASK OF FASHION” is at press, and will be published early in the ensuing month.

Brighton Cliffs, 22d July, 1807.

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BY

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